

The most lamentable Tragedie

And now prepare your throates, *Lavinia* come,
Receave the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grinde theyr bones to powder small,
And with this hatefull liquour temper it,
And in that paste let theyr vile heads be bakt,
Come, come, be every one officious,
To make this banquet, which I wish may proue
More sterne and bloody than the Centaurs feast.

He cuts their throates.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And see them readie against theyr Mother comes.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Lucius. Vnckle *Marcus*, since tis my Fathers minde
That I repaire to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine, befall what Fortune will.

Lucius. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This rauinous Tiger, this accursed deuill,
Let him receave no sustnance, fetter him,
Tell he be brought vnto the Empresse face,
For testimonie of her foule proceedings,
And see the Ambush of our friendes be strong,
I feare the Emperour meanes no good to vs.

Moore. Some deuill whisper curses in mine eare,
And prompt me, that my tongue may vtter forth,
The venomous mallice of my swelling hart.

Lucius. Away inhumane dogge, vnhalloved slaue,
Sirs, helpe our vnckle to conuay him in,
The trumpets shewe the Emperour is at hand.

*Sound trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empresse, with
Tribunes and others.*

King. What hath the firmament moe sunnes than one?

Lucius.

of Titus

Lucius. What bootes it the

Marcus. Romes Emperour
These quarrels must be quiet
The feast is ready which the o
Hath ordainde to an honour
For peace, for loue, for leagu
Please you therefore draw nie
Empe. *Marcus* we will.

*Sound trumpets, enter Titus
the table, and Lavinia n*

Titus. Welcom my gracious
Welcome yee warlike *Gothes*,
And welcome all although th
Twill fill your stomachs, pleas

King. Why art thou thus a

Titus. Because I would be f
To entertaine your highnes a

Tam. We are beholding to

Titus. And if your highnes

My Lord the Emperour resol

Was it well doone of rash *Virg*

To slay his daughter with his

Because shee was enforst, st

King. It was *Andronicus*.

Titus. Your reason might

King. Because the girle sh

And by her presence still renu

Titus. A reason mighty, st

A patterne, president, and liu

For the most wretched to per

Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy shar

And with thy shame thy Fath

King. What hast thou done